

Rich Red Blood

In the body of an adult person there are about 18 pounds of blood.

The blood has as its most important elements, small round corpuscles, red and white, in proportion of about 300 red to 1 white one.

If the number of red corpuscles becomes diminished and the white ones increased the blood is impure, thin, lacking in the nutrition necessary to sustain the health and nerve strength of the body.

Then That Tired Feeling, Nervousness, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, or others of the long train of ills, according to the temperament and disposition, attack the victim.

The only permanent remedy is found in a reliable blood medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acts upon the red corpuscles, enriching them and increasing their number. It thus restores the vital fluid to healthy condition, expels all impurities, cures Nervousness, That Tired Feeling, Scrofula and all other diseases arising from or preceded by low state of the blood.

That these statements are true we prove not by our own statements, but by what thousands of perfectly reliable people say about Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read the testimonial in the next column from a beloved clergyman. Then take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The Blood Purifier and True Nerve Tonic.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

The walls of Babylon were 300 feet high and 100 feet thick at the base.

Greek ladies had steel and brass mirrors, parasols, fans and smiling bottles.

Bricks from what is believed to be the remains of the old tower of Babel are still found in great profusion at Birs-Nimrud, Babylonia.

Wire hairpins were invented in England in 1543. Before that time the female coiffures were held in place by fine wooden skewers.

Fooskirts first appeared in 1530. As iron cage was prepared and the skirts were stretched over it. The cage was tipped to one side, the lady crawled underneath and the cage was fastened to her waist by a strong leather belt. The contrivance often weighed as much as forty pounds.

The bureau of ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution, under the direction of Major Powell and Dr. Cyrus Thomas, has been for the past five years making special study of the mounds in the Mississippi valley. The evidence they have found leads the investigators to the belief that the mound builders were the progenitors of the modern Indians.

CONRATH'S BLACK RASPBERRY.

14 days' use of this drug, nearly always cures the most stubborn cases of hemorrhoids, piles, itching, burning, and all other ailments of the rectum. It is a powerful cathartic, and its use is recommended by all the leading physicians of the world. It is sold in all drug stores.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP EXTRACT.

For the cure of all diseases of the liver, bladder, and kidneys. It is a powerful diuretic, and its use is recommended by all the leading physicians of the world. It is sold in all drug stores.

ELY'S CREAM BALM.

For the cure of all diseases of the skin, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin ailments. It is a powerful emollient, and its use is recommended by all the leading physicians of the world. It is sold in all drug stores.

DISTILLATION.

The hors d'oeuvre—a novel mixture of savory fish, such as anchovy and red herring, with olives, gherkins, beet root, etc.—had come and gone. The soup, a consommé of delicious flavor, had had its day, and now the fish was before them. And still she had not spoken.

Justin Crawford ventured to survey her stealthily, with relieved curiosity. She was a slim, pale woman, with features refined to the point of thinness; meditative grey eyes, and hair whose undulations shone prettily in the soft glow of the shaded lights.

"She must have caught my name," he said to himself, with subdued gratification. "She is probably a domestic woman, and domestic women are often thoughtful. The red must be good to-night. Do you know what it always reminds me of?"

"No, tell me," and she looked up with all the simple deference of a woman of the old regime.

"Mortimer Collins' novel," he said. "It was so fond of it, and he made all his favorite characters eat it—I suppose as a reward."

"I have not read his books," she said. "Indeed, I seldom read novels."

"This," he said to himself, "is a woman in a thousand!" His spirits rose, and he waxed timorously confident.

"Neither do I," he said. "And yet people are always asking me what novels I like best. I don't like any. I prefer a book with no conversation in it. The eternal chitchat in the average novel is to me intensely wearisome. I like something meditative—something one can smoke with. Lamb's and Stevenson's essays suit me very well. Did you ever read Bacon?"

"I think we got him at school," there was an agreeable duality in her soft grey eyes.

"So did we. It's such a shame to call his things essays. They were achievements, and I like essays best." Perhaps she was listening, but she did not answer, and there was a far-away look in her tranquil eyes.

"She is wondering how her children are getting on at home without her," he decided. He knew she was married, for he had noted her marriage ring, and also a gleam of dim old gold with an antique device inscribed upon it that she wore above it. "How superior to those assertive diamonds most people wear," he thought. "Her ring is like her—of plain, unassuming gold, with just sufficient pattern on it to individualize it."

She noted his glance and brightened to a semblance of vivacity. "You are looking at my old ring," she said. "It is an heirloom in my husband's family; it has mounted guard over wedding rings for more than a hundred years. See, here is the peg inside it," and as she took it off he noted its finely worn appearance, its shape curved to fit the finger and not aggressively round like the modern ring.

"May I hold it?" he said and took it from her and held it up in his long, nervous fingers. "Like these old rings, they seem to me to epitomize the old-fashioned woman. She had a graceful adaptability and fitted herself about a man's heart just as this ring does about your finger. The modern woman—like the modern ring—is always the same—round, assertive and complete. She never adapts herself to any one. Allow me," and he returned it to her with a bow full of antique gallantry.

There was a mellow flavor about their host's old Burgundy. It tempered the unquiet mind agreeably and filled the senses with serenity.

A rattling contrivance next—speech was confined to R—and as they partook of it, the last uneasy fear forsook him, and her thoughtful eyes betrayed a fine content.

"You do not care for too much conversation," he said hesitatingly.

"It depends," she said. "I think people are too fond of talking nowadays. It is all because the magazines any conversation is a lost art, and people try to prove it a mistake. We need intervals of silence to breed our fancy in."

"How delightful!" and he felt almost giddy. "Silence" so easily did she say it. "Silence" so easily did she know she was talking to the author."

"I agree with you," she said aloud. "The only conversation I thoroughly appreciate is that of children."

Her face lit up at once. "Are they not delicious?" she said.

"Now," he thought, "for the customary anecdote." Aloud, "I am sure you are a mother."

"I have two children—a little boy and a girl."

"And the little boy?" He had noted the difference in her voice.

She smiled faintly, and her eyes fell. "He is my little boy," she said in a low tone, "and that is all there is about it."

He was at once content. How could he dream of this exceptional woman giving way to the customary anecdote? "It is a great deal," he responded gently. "I know how it feels. It is like reading again a book you read twenty years ago and have forgot, but as you read it all comes before you again. Boys are usually like their mothers—I am sure yours is." And his kindly glance seemed to say that in that case the boy had done well.

Across the table a vivacious lady with carefully curled hair and indolently tinted complexion whispered to the man beside her: "Look at Justin Crawford. I never saw him talk so much before!"

When the sweets came, she partook of them with a lively greed that rather diverted Mr. Crawford. "I am sure," he said, "you like both sugar and milk in your tea?"

"Of course."

"How delightfully usual!" And he sighed with content. "I am sorry I shall not see you upstairs afterward. I do see a woman who takes both sugar and milk. It's so much less trouble."

"Are you not coming up afterward?" She seemed surprised—disappointed.

The scared look came back to his short-sighted eyes for a little. "I have a standing engagement at my club immediately after dinner," he said.

"Come up to-night." And the grey eyes looked soft persuasion at him.

"I shall," he began magnanimously. Then, his courage failing him, he added, "for ten minutes."

Shortly afterward there was the usual rustle of skirts, the agreeable patter on the stairs, the echo of a feminine laugh and presently the distant rumble of the piano.

As a rule, this was a time of unutterable relief to Justin Crawford. Fate had made him a popular novelist—nature had denied him the hardihood to endure its social consequences. He had been tethered to so many admiring women during the last season that the festive mood had come to be a matter of moral dread to him. Anywhere else he could escape, but not at dinner. To-night, however, he had enjoyed himself, at least in a negative way—he had been left alone and allowed to talk or be silent as he pleased.

When he went upstairs, he found his late companion lying on a curved chair at the half-opened window. He went over beside her and peered out into the dark. They were almost at the corner of a busy thoroughfare. It had been wet, and the lamplight glimmered across the pavement.

Beyond was the dim greenness of trees, and the scent of wet May floated across to them. The moon hung apart, incursive, behind a veil of yellow vapor, and they looked Big Ben strike the third quarter.

There was a cluster of cups and saucers behind them.

"I am ready"—and the grey eyes smiled demurely—"for my cup of tea."

"Ten minutes," he said, as he went to fetch it, "is not a very long time."

He sat down beside her at the window.

"Do you see that seat just inside the park gate?"

"No," she said wonderingly. "What good sight you must have!"

"Short-sighted people always see well far away. There is a pair of lovers over there, and they see the colored lamp shades and hear the music here, and they think it very fine indeed, but do you think they would come in if we asked them?"

She looked a little puzzled, but he did not heed her—he liked a person he could forget, and he went on talking to himself, as it were: "No, they are better where they are. The scent of the May is stronger there, and the darkness is a kindly cloak. I should like to go over there myself, only—with a whimsical dash of the short-sighted eyes—I should be alone, and so I should not require an umbrella, as they do."

No doubt he was talking nonsense, but the perception of it visible in her eyes recalled him to himself. He finished his tea and took the cups away. When he came back, he said diffidently: "Good night, Mrs. Crawford."

He had not caught her name, and rather wished to know it.

She noted his expectancy, but for some reason did not respond. A little flush that rose in her cheeks was the only sign she made of having understood. "Good night, Mr. Crawford," she said.

He bowed and went away, but as he went down stairs he said to himself, "She knew my name after all, and yet she never mentioned my novels or worried me in any way. A wonderful woman!"

An hour afterward Mrs. Willie Danvers was seated in her tiny drawing room, having a cigarette and a cafe noir with her husband—or, as she preferred to call him, her "chum."

"And how did you get on with your interview?" she asked.

"Beautifully—never knew it was going on. He just prattled away about the old and the new women, children, cups of tea, lovers and umbrellas, and I distilled heaps of copy from him. Now and again, though, I didn't quite know what he was driving at," and again the clear, grey eyes assumed that faraway look that had interested Justin Crawford so much.

"I am not surprised," said Mr. Danvers, dryly. "There is a fine casual contempt about husbands at times."

SELECTING FOOTWEAR.

Dangers attending the Use of ill-fitting Shoes.

Too much attention cannot well be given to the footwear of young girls, since much of the comfort of their after life depends upon the care which they receive during their early years, says a writer in the New York Commercial Advertiser. Ready-made shoes should be studiously avoided, for in the majority of cases they are constructed upon lines diametrically opposed to nature's plan, while individual peculiarities can of course be overlooked no consideration whatever. The sole of the ancient sandal may be taken as it follows all the graceful curves of the foot and allows free play of all the muscles.

The danger attending the use of ill-fitting shoes, as well for grown persons as for children, cannot be overestimated. If the foot is naturally large it is the most arduous folly to attempt to reduce its size, since compression is inevitably followed by more or less serious deformity, while not infrequently it is attended by disease. Shoes that are sharply pointed at the toes should be avoided by wide-footed women, for not only is the result—viewed from whatever standpoint—undoubtedly ugly, but the shoe will always spread or split after it has been worn a few times. High heels, too, tend to permanently widen the ball of the foot owing to the full weight of the body being thrown forward, while they are a fruitful source of enlarged toe joints and ingrowing nails, to say nothing of broken spines.

It is scarcely necessary to say that no large or irremediably ill-shaped foot should be encased in a colored or otherwise showy boot. In this case black should be adopted upon all occasions, and always in the softest or most pliable of fabrics. Aggressive decoration in any form will invariably attract attention to the size or deformity of the foot, and should therefore be avoided. Long skirts, though a disadvantage in many instances, are decidedly advantageous in this, inasmuch as they can always be relied upon—particularly if they are well weighted and belted—to "cover a multitude of sins."

It is not surprising that cholera has made its appearance in Turkey; but there would be cause for surprise if the disease did not make its appearance with regularity. With all her fluence in India and in Turkey, England has not accomplished much as yet in the way of establishing better hygienic conditions.

When to Hatch Chickens.

The importance of having chickens hatched in good time, whether the object be egg production or table chickens, is apparent, and yet by many poultry keepers no thought whatever is given to it, says a writer in Country Gentleman. The breeder of exhibition fowls is wide awake on this point, occasionally too much so, and it will pay those who breed for economic purposes equally well to do so. If fowls are allowed to breed just when they like, the results can never be satisfactory. If we observe other branches of industry, market prices are carefully studied, and the attempt is made to avoid sending to market when prices are low. But in poultry it is much easier to gauge the ruling rates than in any other kind of stock. Eggs are always dear in winter, and chickens command the highest prices in the spring months. Consequently the object should be to place supplies out during these two seasons and reserve the strength from the other period of the year. But to do so is not possible unless thought and care are exercised, and it is essential to take the necessary steps months in advance.

For winter eggs there is nothing like commencing to hatch about February and having a succession of chickens till April. By so doing, at any rate with more rapid growing varieties of poultry, the earliest should commence laying in August, just when the older hens are going into the molt and eggs are falling off, while the succeeding pullets will take up the tale in proper order, and many of them will continue to lay throughout the greater portion of the winter. But in case of table chickens an earlier start is desirable, and for those who desire to send a regular supply to market hatching operations should run through from October to March. In this way birds should be ready to kill from February to July.

Much, however, perhaps more than we think, depends upon the way in which the young birds are fed during their period of growth. It would be possible to hatch birds of the same breed together, and yet by different treatment in feeding one lot would commence to lay weeks before the other. A supply of good nitrogenous food, plenty of grit to digest it and regularly in feeding, with space to develop frame and stamina are all important in this connection.

Simple Drinking Tank.

From the Farm and Fireside we re-former, and the above is the experience of the following:

The illustration of a drinking tank is from Mr. M. K. Barnum, Nebraska. It is simple, cheap and easily made. It is a tin box about two inches deep and a foot square, having a detachable cover, with the corners of the cover cut away to permit the chicks to drink. The portions cut out may be small, so as to prevent chicks from getting into the water, but with such a shallow tank they cannot drown at all events. The cover also keeps dirt out

TOO MUCH WORK.

For a Healthy Existence—That's Why the Kidneys so Often Fail.

(From the Detroit News.)

Nature has provided for a certain amount of work for every organ of the human body; overtax them and disease eventually follows. There is no one portion of our organism that is so overworked as the kidneys; on them is placed the important function of filtering the blood of the impurities which naturally form in the regular action of life and digestion. The kidneys are consequently termed the sewerage of the system; clog up this sewer and the blood becomes tainted with poisonous matter which brings on disease in many forms. The task to the first to show this stoppage. From there comes the warning note: It should be heeded, and the kidneys receive prompt attention. Doan's Kidney Pills will right the action of the kidneys quickly, relieve the back of pains and aches, and cure all troubles of kidneys and bladder. Don't believe our statement. Read what people right here in Detroit are saying. You surely can believe a home statement, if you think it is easy enough to prove; ask him. Mr. D. B. Brown, of 78 Grand River avenue, for years an abstracter in the chief engineer's office at the Grand Trunk Railway, says: "I was troubled for some months with urinary complaints. My urine smelted me in passage and I always found a difficulty in passing it. I took Doan's Kidney Pills and suffer no longer, all distressing symptoms are gone; I would recommend Doan's Kidney Pills as they are certainly all that is claimed for them."

Doan's Kidney Pills are for sale by all druggists, or by mail from Doan's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name DOAN'S and take no other.

Vice is a sponge which sucks in honor and gives out tears.

\$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any cure it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills 25c.

The baker who mixes his dough properly has most things at his command.

To Teachers and Others.

For the meeting of the National Educational Association at Denver, Colo., in July, next, the Western trunk lines have named a rate of one standard fare, plus two dollars for the round trip. Variations in the rate will be permitted. Special side trips at reduced rates will be arranged for from Denver to all principal points of interest throughout Colorado, and those desiring to extend the trip to California, Oregon and Washington, will be accommodated at satisfactory rates. Teachers and others that desire, or intend attending this meeting or of making a western trip this summer, will find that the rate is very low. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway (first-class in every respect) will run through cars Chicago to Denver. For full particulars write to or call on Geo. H. Broun, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or George L. Cross, N. W. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

The Order of the Garter—"Half a yard of silk webbing, please."

The Lowest Rates Ever Made to the South.

Will be in effect via the Louisville & Nashville railroad, on March 5, April 2 and 30, 1895. Round trip tickets will be sold to points in Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia and West Florida, and one way tickets to Florida at about half the regular rates. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he can not sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or George L. Cross, N. W. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

A tree seems more polite in winter because you can see its boughs.

TEXAS COAST COUNTRY.

The Texas Coast country vies with California as a place to produce raisins, grapes, and strawberries. Six thousand dollars' worth of pears from thirteen acres has been produced there in one season, and can perhaps be duplicated by you. G. T. Nicholson, G. P. A. Santa Fe Route, Monmouth Building, Chicago, will be glad to furnish without charge an illustrated pamphlet telling about Texas. Send to nearest agent for ticket rates. There is usually a low fare in effect to all important Texas points.

Debt is the only thing known which enlarges the more it is contracted.

Low Rate Excursions, April 2 and 30, 1895.

On April 2 the IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE will sell Excursion tickets to all points in Arkansas, to Little Rock, Ark., to all points in Texas, except El Paso, at the very low rate of one fare for the round trip (plus two dollars), and on April 30 at one fare for the round trip to points in the Southwest. Liberal limits and stop-over privileges allowed. For full particulars and illustrated descriptive pamphlets, address company's agents, or H. C. FOWLER, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis.

The minds of some people are fastened to the loose ends of their tongues.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup was used for years as a prescription by a successful physician. It is in all respects the best cough medicine made today. Sold by all dealers, on a guarantee of satisfaction.

It is only after he is dead that you can break the will of a stubborn man.

CURE FOR CHOLERA.—Use Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil according to directions. It is the best remedy for all sudden attacks of cholera, pain and inflammation, and injuries.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

There is nothing like Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil to quickly cure a cold or relieve hoarseness. Written by Mrs. M. J. Fellows, Burr Oak, St. Joseph county, Mich.

The man who fears being taken at his true value is always on the alert for alibis.

Clipped from Canada "Presbyterian," under signature of C. Blackett Robinson, Prop: I was cured of off-recurring bilious headaches by Burdock Blood Bitters.

Humility is not necessarily a virtue. The violet would smell just as sweet on a tree. Language was given to lawyers for the purpose of confounding other people's thoughts.

ST. JACOB'S OIL

CURES PAIN

ONLY A RUB TO MAKE YOU WELL AGAIN

OF PAINS RHEUMATIC, NEURALGIC, LUMBAGIC AND SCIATIC.

HAVE YOU FIVE OR MORE COWS?

It is a fact that a cow separator will earn its cost in one year. Why? Because it saves you the cost of a cow. It is a fact that a cow separator will earn its cost in one year. Why? Because it saves you the cost of a cow. It is a fact that a cow separator will earn its cost in one year. Why? Because it saves you the cost of a cow.

THE DE LAVAL SEPARATOR CO.

Branch Office: 74 CORTLANDT ST., NEW YORK.

THE SCALPER

24 power, 20. At about making money in a grain and flour business. The Scalper is a small, portable, and powerful separator. It is a fact that a cow separator will earn its cost in one year. Why? Because it saves you the cost of a cow.

\$10 worth \$40

THE "FAMILY GOBBLER"

A Household Necessity. Contains the following: 1. A large, powerful, and reliable separator. 2. A small, portable, and powerful separator. 3. A large, powerful, and reliable separator. 4. A small, portable, and powerful separator.

BRANDENBURG & CO.

Chicago, Ill.

Coughs and Colds,

Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, General Debility and all forms of Emaciation are speedily cured by

Scott's Emulsion

Consumptives always find great relief by taking it, and consumption is often cured. No other nourishment restores strength so quickly and effectively.

Weak Babies and Thin Children

are made strong and robust by Scott's Emulsion when other forms of food seem to do them no good whatever.

The only genuine Scott's Emulsion is put up in salmon-colored wrapper. Refuse cheap substitutes!

Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE.

Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and \$1.